

To Commence Next Week, "Out in the World: or, the Foundling of Rat Row." By Bartley T. Campbell.

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## WHEN I AM RICH.

BY J. PLACKETT.

"When I am rich," a miser said,  
As morbid fancies filled his head,  
"I'll have all things my mind to please,  
And then I'll be at peace and ease;  
I'll build a house, I'll buy a wife,  
And share the blessings of true life:  
I know that in a wife's care  
There lies a fountain of happiness;  
Her hands sweet dreams of bliss,  
In offspring soft and delicate kind;  
And then how sweet, in frosty age,  
To close the fair earthly page,  
With loved ones near to see us die,  
And bid us rest, long good-bye;  
Those who are of one mind and good,  
With whom we hope, beyond the flood,  
To dwell in happiness complete—  
"When I am rich," it will be sweet!  
Time passed along; the miser threw,  
And savings grew, he grew,  
His dreams of pleasure all of which  
He hoped to share—when he grew rich;  
His hundreds into thousands grew,  
And still his dollars were too few;  
The millionaires increased his store;  
Twas yet so small, he must have more!  
As upward still his riches grew,  
His avarice loomed upward, too,  
*When I am rich,* still he would say,  
Alone with his hair with age was gray;  
His early dreams were all forgot,  
And avarice controlled his lot;  
A little time, and he was—what?  
Erased, as any other blot;  
What a life, poor, ungrateful, engraved on which  
In mockery is, "*When I am rich.*"  
This is the miser's epitaph.  
The practical will read and laugh.

## The Boy Clown: OR, THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA. A ROMANCE OF THE RING

BY FRANK STANISLAUS FINN.

CHAPTER I.

A FALL FROM THE TRAPEZE.

THE village of Frenchville was in a fever of excitement. The good people woke up suddenly one morning to find barns, sheds, stables, and every available portion of the village covered with huge posters and flaring pictures announcing that

COPENHAGEN'S  
MAMMOTH CIRCUS  
AND MORAL MENAGERIE!"

was coming. To the Frenchvillers this was an excitement, and long did they gaze at the cuts of the sylph-like beings who almost seemed to float through the air, or dance like feathers rustled by the wind. How the mouths of the youngsters did expand and to what an extent were their eyes opened at the monster pictorial of the daring man who was rash enough to place himself in the den of lions, and feed these denizens of the forest with raw meat. It was almost as good as the show itself to see those youngster stare.

Older folks were not exempt from this fever. Although the shopkeepers thought it was wrong for a show to come and take all the money out of the place and make their business bad, yet they were going with the rest of creation, and their families were going along with them. It wasn't every day a circus was to be seen, and when the chance did occur it was thought best to improve it.

The long-wished for day came at last, and the troupe entered Frenchville in magnificent style. They strove to hide their jaded looks caused by a hard night's travel over a rocky road, where the jolting of the teams was any thing but conducive to sleep. The cavalcade was very imposing, representing as it did scenes in history; and the glittering armor, polished helmets and battle-axes shone in the sun, fairly dazzling the eyes that gazed upon them.

Among the members of that company was a youth of some fourteen summers. Almost too handsome were his features for a boy, while his form was one which many a sculptor would have been proud of for a model. Dressed in a fine, tight-fitting suit of a page, and riding his horse easily and gracefully, he was the most observed of all the artists. He seemed born to the saddle, and to have such gentle yet firm control over his horse, that it kept splendid time to the music of the brass band.

This lad's name was Henry Needhurst, but, upon the bills, he was announced as Henri De La Forest. His grandfather, father and mother, all had been circus-performers in their day, and it was but natural that he should follow in their footsteps. As a ring equestrian, he was not a wonder, and yet, as we have said, in the street procession he achieved great triumphs. His *jeu de paume* was that of a gymnast, acrobat and trapeze performer, and never a better appeared in the sawdust ring. A fearlessness in his acts charmed and held spell-bound all his audience. So much for an introduction to our hero, whose adventures we are about to detail.

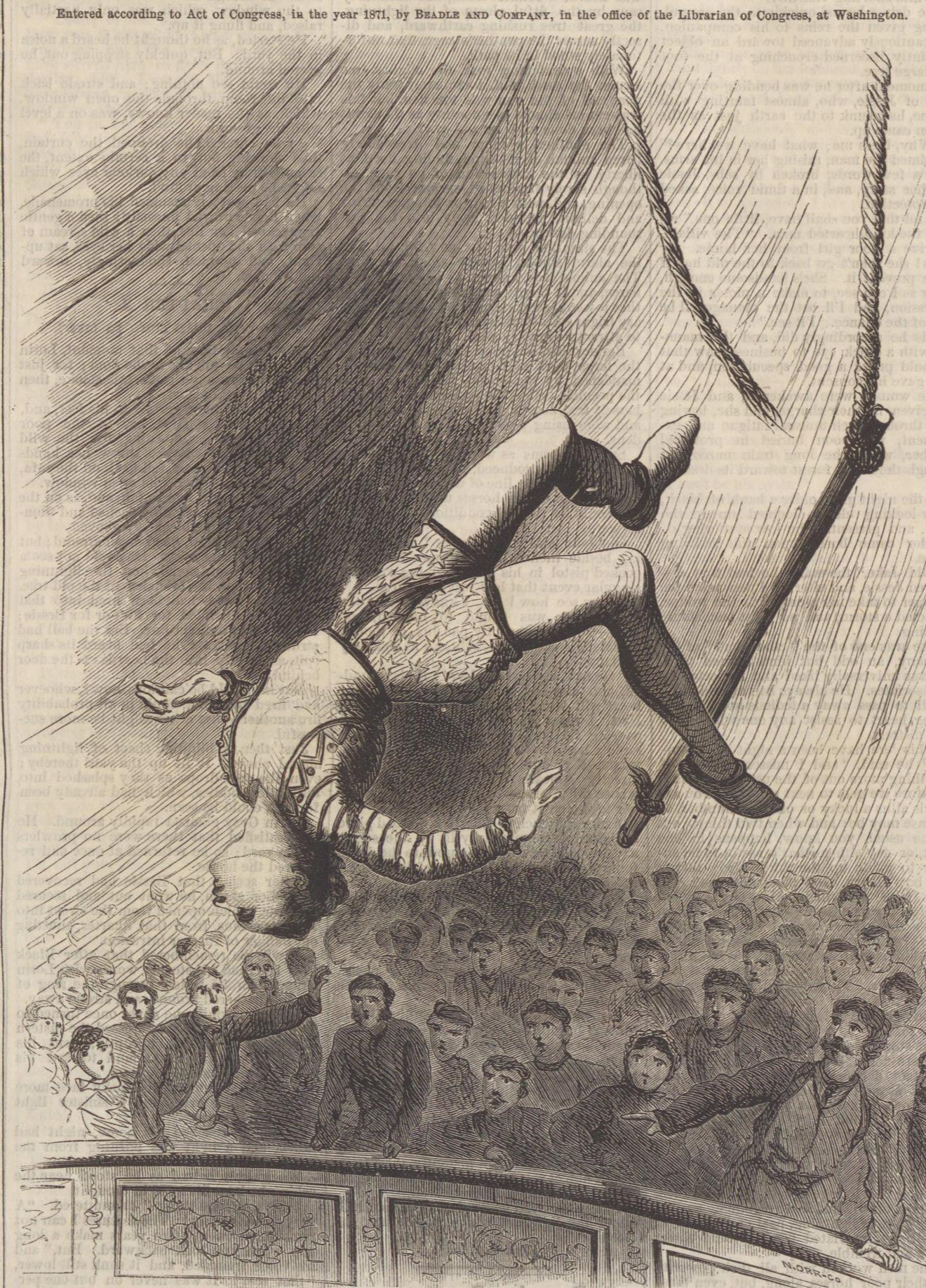
The procession wound its way through the village until it came to the lot upon which the tent was pitched. The performers went to their dressing-rooms to don their clothes. While Henry was putting on his coat, a young man, the juggler of the troupe, approaching and tapping him on the shoulder, whispered:

"Come outside. I have something to tell you."

The boy finished his toilet, and, taking his friend's arm, they sauntered forth into the street.

"Well, Charley," said Henry, "and what is it that is so important and which can not be spoken aloud?"

"Perhaps you think me foolish, but I would advise you to keep a sharp look-out for Murker."



A quick, sharp snap is heard, and the boy athlete is hurled outward and downward to the earth.

"Why, what's the matter with him?"

"Some one has told the boss of his being drugged the other night, and he swears it was you, and that he'll come up with you some time."

"It looks very likely that I should tell of him when I saved him from being thrown off the cart and dashed to pieces."

"So I tell him, but he will not be convinced."

"I've no grudge against Murker, but he urged him often enough to reform, but he has so often called me a temperance twaddler that of late I have desisted."

"Well, remember I have warned you. By the way, who puts up your trapeze you perform on?"

"Murker, of course."

"Then I caution you not to go through your act until you have tried every rope and bar of it. Murker means mischief, and you will find out if you are not careful."

"They had now arrived at their hotel, and dinner ready the two went to the table and the conversation was forgotten.

This Murker was a man who had changed his occupation every little while, and had wandered from one city to another until he had come across the circus and applied for work and was accepted. Drink was his greatest enemy, and had caused him many a discharge from other places. He was a driver of one of the caravan cages, and it was but a night or two previous that he had taken more liquor than was good for him, and, forgetting where he was, he let the reins loose from his hands and would have fallen to the ground had not Henry caught him. The next day the manager heard of Murker's fit, and gave him notice to leave when his week was up.

Murker never stopped to inquire who was the informer, but, jumping at the conclusion that it was Henry, vowed vengeance upon the lad, and fearfully and terribly was it carried out!

On the same day that Henry and Charles held their conversation, this Murker was

putting up and arranging the cages, and gave vent to the following sentence, heard only by himself:

"Master Henry thinks himself a paragon of goodness, does he? Maybe he considers himself handsome, and that nobody has so good a form as he? Wouldn't I like to have him here and put him in this tiger's cage! I reckon that would spoil his beauty for him. He'd look nice with his face all mangled and bloody! But, I know a plan worth two of that. Put him in this cage and he'd not live long, but the other way he'll not go unpunished. I'll play the saint with him and throw him off his guard. My act accomplished, then hey for California! The people of Frenchville will see a performance not in the bills. Where will their graceful and agile gymnast be? Henry Needhurst, better had you been coiled in the embrace of one of the cobras than turned informer on Archibald Murker!"

Another person approaching him, and drawing him into a conversation, brought his soliloquy to an end. Had Henry heard the remarks we have noted down, he would have gone to his duty with less lightness of spirit, and been more cautious in his proceedings. The afternoon exhibition took place without any thing happening, and, by the time Henry was dressing for the evening, the warning of his friend Charles had entirely passed from his mind.

At that evening's performance it would seem as if every village within ten miles of Frenchville had emptied itself for the purpose of witnessing the circus.

Henry's grand act took place at nine o'clock, and about half an hour before that time Murker began preparing the ropes and bars upon which the young athlete was to perform.

Most, if not all, of my readers have attended the circus once, if not oftener, during their lives, and will remember that beautiful and graceful, though dangerous part of

the performance called the trapeze act, where the performer goes through many wonderful evolutions, suspended in mid-air by means of these ropes and bars.

The person whose duty it is to superintend the arrangement of the apparatus, who is to see that the ropes are strong and safe, that all pins are driven firmly, and knots tied securely, has a great responsibility, for he literally holds the life of the actor in his hand. Murker knew this only too well, and a close observer might have seen a devilish smile playing upon his coarse features as he began his preparations.

For a few moments only was he busy straightening the cords and arranging the various pulleys, but even in that short time the fiendish work was done.

Close down to one of the blocks through which the supporting tackle was rove he applied the keen edge of a small knife which he held concealed in his hand, nearly severing the rope. A single strand alone remained, strong enough to bear the mere weight of the young athlete, but which would be sure to give way when the violent evolutions, such as swinging or jumping from the upper to the lower bar, began.

At length the ring-master announced the celebrated trapeze act, by Mr. Henri De La Forest, and Henry came bounding into the ring, his fair young face all flushed with the excitement of the moment.

A deafening shout of applause greeted him, which he acknowledged by a graceful bow, and then, grasping the pendant line, he drew himself up, hand-over-hand, to the cross-bar, upon which he seated himself. Then began those truly wonderful feats that had gained him such well-deserved renown.

Now swinging by his hands, then whirling over and over with amazing rapidity, then again letting go all holds, he appeared to be falling headlong to the earth, but suddenly catching his toes upon the bar, he swung, head downward, from the giddy height.

Still the frail strand held, and darker and darker grew the brow of the assassin. Murker, as, from a secluded spot, he watched the performance, cursing himself that he had not cut deeper into the rope. Round after round of applause had greeted each difficult act of the daring athlete, and now he prepares for the last, and most dangerous of all.

It is to drop from the upper bar upon the lower, catching as before upon his toes, but this time while being swung back and forth the full limit of the ropes.

The assistant below grasps the cord that Henry has fastened to the bar and thrown down to him, and with a strong arm he swings the trapeze back and forth, each time causing it to make a wider sweep.

Calmly and with folded arms, the young actor sits upon the upper bar, waiting for the proper moment to make the dangerous leap.

Not a sound is heard throughout that vast audience, as, leaning forward, they gaze with all-absorbing interest upon the scene.

Suddenly, quick as a flash of light, the agile form is seen to dart downward, perform an evolution in mid-air, and then the firmly-set toes catch upon the bar and arrest the fearful fall. But only for an instant. Even as the shout of applause is hovering upon the lips of thousands, ready for utterance, it is changed to a cry of horror that is heard and taken up by those upon the outside.

A quick, sharp snap is heard, the level bar upon which the feet rest tips upon one side, and then, as though thrown from some powerful engine, the boy athlete is hurled outward and downward to the earth.

Screams rent the air. Women fainted. The employees and performers rushed into the ring and took the body up to carry it to the dressing-room. The performance was not allowed to proceed. Henry was a favorite with all, and tears gathered in many an eye as they grouped around that form lying so cold and still.

"Dead! dead!" wailed several of the women.

But, there was one who not only said "Dead," but added, "Mercilessly murdered!"

CHAPTER II.

JESSIE, THE WANDERER.

After Murker had accomplished his vengeance, he slid down from his perch and made his way as fast as he could through the streets of the village until he arrived at a lonesome and dreary part of it, where he saw a small cabin erected, and from which the smoke was seen issuing. Here he paused, undecided whether to ask for admittance or continue on until he had separated himself many a mile from the circus; for he well knew that retribution would overtake him were he caught, as he alone would be held responsible for the breaking of the rope.

"Little chance of their finding me here, I reckon," thought he; "they'll be off tonight, and I can easily escape to-morrow. No one saw me do it, but there'll be enough to suspect I had a hand in it, and suspicion is proof too often. I'll try this place, at all events, and if refused shelter, I can but go elsewhere."

Carrying his plan into execution, he gave a loud rap at the door.

A girl of about fourteen years of age opened it. This girl, although dressed in the coarsest of raiment, was very lovely. Her hair, which was inky black, fell in massive waves down her neck. Murker was astonished at seeing so beautiful a being in so homely a hovel.

The girl ushered Murker into the kitchen, and offered him a chair. Although it was a summer's night, there was a fire in the little cooking-stove, and there was a pot upon it from which came a scent as though herbs were cooking. The room was very poorly furnished, and the floor much worn in many places. The only occupant of this room, as the man and girl entered it, was a decrepid old woman who was spinning, and crooning some old song. As the stranger entered, the woman looked up as if wondering what his errand could be at that time of night.

"Grandmother is very deaf, sir, and you will either have to tell me your message or speak very loud to her," said the girl.

"Jessie! what are you talking with that strange man for? What is his business?" asked the old woman.

Murker told the girl he desired a place to stop during the night, and asked if he could be accommodated there. Jessie repeated this to her grandmother, and, although the old lady was at first reluctant to accede to the request, she was finally overruled in her objections by the sight of the dollar which he offered in payment.

Murker at once made himself at home, and fell to talking with the old crone, while the girl, Jessie, busied herself about the room, singing to herself in a low tone while so engaged.

Her voice was very sweet, and at once caught the ear of the visitor, who, from having heard so much singing in his circus life, was a more than ordinary judge of what was good or bad.

For a few minutes he listened in silence to Jessie, who was all unconscious of his admiration, and then suddenly turning to her, he said:

"Come, birdie, you have a rare voice. Give me a song, and perhaps I can find the mate of the piece I gave your grandame for you."

Jessie at first hung back, but presently overcoming her timidity, she sang the plaintive ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," with rare sweetness and good taste.

At the conclusion, Murker applauded

loudly, and then, as if struck with a sudden idea, he muttered, under his breath:

"By Jove! this is a prize! Let me but manage to get this girl in my possession and my fortune is made. Then for a life of frolic and fun, with plenty of money in my pocket, and liquor in abundance whenever I've a mind to, and no questions asked. It's worth the trial, anyhow."

As if the fates were plotting against the innocent girl and in favor of the villain, the old hag began a series of complaints about the hard times, and the difficulty she had in finding two months.

"And now," she continued, "my darlin, Melissy Ann's a comin' to live along with me, and there'll be three 'stead of two to look arter. And then, you see, sir, though Jessie calls me grandma, and thinks she is my gran'darter, she aint neither kith nor kin to me. Thirteen years ago, she was left at my door, and ever since I've had the rheumatiz she's been rate good to me. But, I don't see no way of keepin' her longer'n a week more, and then she'll have to scratch for herself."

In this manner the old crone went on grumbling, until at length Murker spoke:

"My good woman," said he, "I have a plan by which I can take her off your hands, if you will consent."

"Why, what on yerth would you be wantin' of the gal?" cried the old hag.

"Never you mind. She shall come to no harm. She shall dress like a lady, and be one, too;" and then, as if thinking he had better explain, he continued: "I will have her taught to be a great singer. Come, now, what say you? I will give you twenty bright new dollars, and take her off your hands. Shall it be a bargain?"

"Twenty dollars! That's a heap of money, and I'd never want for snuff or baccy. Twenty dollars!"

And thus, despite the tears and entreaties of the helpless girl, the cruel bargain was completed.

"Will you, can you, grandmother, send me away with this man, of whom you know nothing?" she asked, with tears streaming down her face.

But the sight of the clinking coin was too much for the old woman. She clutched the money in her skinny fingers, and turned a deaf ear to the girl's prayers.

"Then, hear what I have to say," said Jessie, no longer weeping, but with her eyes flashing with anger and determination. "I will not go with this man! I would far rather beg upon the highway than place myself in his power!"

"Hullo! young miss! I reckon you'll stop that nonsense when once you go with me!" exclaimed Murker, coarsely.

"Perhaps I may when I do go with you, but that time will never come," answered the high-spirited young girl.

Without paying further attention to Jessie, Murker turned to the old woman.

"A bargain is a bargain," he said. "You've got your money, and I take my chance of getting the girl. Where are her things? I'll just fix them up in a bundle handy to carry."

"The gal's things are in that closet. Taint much she's got, but they're all in that."

Murker opened the door indicated, and went into the closet, when, quick as thought, Jessie banged the door upon him, and locked it, taking the key with her.

This done, she rushed from the hut, and fled away, she scarce knew or cared whither, so that she escaped from the power of the villain so much feared.

Where to go she knew not. She possessed not a friend, even an acquaintance, other than the old woman with whom she had so long lived, in the whole world. But, with a brave heart, she pressed forward, until, at length, utterly wearied out, she was on the point of seeking a spot by the roadside where she could sleep, when she saw a number of wagons, drawn by horses, approaching.

Here, at least, she thought she might obtain shelter and protection, and so waited until they had come up.

In the meanwhile, Murker, when he found himself so cleverly caught in a trap, rapped and battered away at the door, calling, with many an oath, upon the old woman to let him out.

But even had she been able to have reached the closet door she could have afforded no assistance, for it will be remembered that Jessie had taken the key, and Murker, getting desperate, threw his weight against it, and burst the fastenings.

With an oath he rushed from the place, but had just passed into the larger room, when a well-directed blow, dealt by some unseen hand, felled him to the floor.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A NIGHT ON THE ROAD.

BUT Henry was not dead, although life was held by the thinnest fiber, and it was some time before he opened his eyes to stare upon a horrid-struck crowd gathered around, and gazing on him. He strove to move, but it gave him agony to do so, and, as they endeavored to lift him up, a piercing scream came from him, that penetrated the ears of every one who heard it.

Many a prayer went up in petition for that lad's life, and they were heard and answered.

"Ah, Mary!" said one of the women, "there are many who believe that people in our profession never think of a higher and better world than this. And I've even seen in a magazine that the performers in a circus are called ignorant and degraded."

"Well, well, Sallie, let them talk. I believe, and I know you do too, that we have as near a right to heaven as they," answered another.

"Whoever did this awful deed—for we have found where the rope is cut—deserves to swing for it. It's next to a miracle that Henry wasn't killed outright. I don't see what saved him, falling, as he did, from so great a height."

"Yes, it was, indeed, next to a miracle," the woman said. "By some chance or other the carpet, generally laid in the ring for ground and lofty tumbling' had not been taken up, and this, in a measure, thwarted a villain's plans."

The physician of the village arrived in good time, and after a great deal of flourishes and asking of questions not applicable to the subject, proceeded to examine his patient, whom he pronounced to be badly, though not dangerously hurt. At first he looked upon the proposition of the lad's going on with the troupe as utterly impracticable. But when he was told that there were skillful nurses who would care for him, he finally gave his consent, and preparations were at once begun to render the journey as easy as possible.

A large feather bed was placed in one of the smoothest-going wagons, a careful driver was detailed, and the wounded boy's friend, Charles, assumed the duty of watcher and nurse by his side.

Every thing possible was done; and then the troupe started on their night journey.

The distance to the next town or "station," where they had to perform on the following day, was some five-and-twenty miles, and as they had got a late start, it required steady driving, so as to be up in time for the "grand entree," which, by many of the country people, is considered the best part of the show.

The country over which the caravan was passing was fortunately level, and possessed good roads, though much of the way led through dense forests, where, beneath the over-arching trees, the darkness was very deep.

The procession was passing through one of these woods, when, suddenly, the leaders of the first van shied violently at something on the road side, and refused to advance, while the shouting violently.

The driver leaped quickly to the ground, having given the reins to his companion, and cautiously advanced toward an object he faintly discerned crouching at the foot of a large tree.

A moment after he was bending over the form of Jessie, who, almost fainting with fatigue, had sunk to the earth just as the wagon had stopped with ax and saw.

"Why, bless me; what have we here?" exclaimed the man, raising her in his arms. A few words, broken by sobs, Jessie told her story, and, in a timid voice, asked for protection.

"And that you shall have, little one" replied the kind-hearted man. "The villain, to drive a poor girl from her home. By Jinks! she shan't go back to the old hag if I can prevent it. She's handsome enough, as far as I can see, to make a pictor in the procession, and I'll bet the manager'll be glad of the chance. I'll see."

This he accordingly did, and the manager, with a quick eye to business, saw that it would prove a good speculation, and at once gave his consent.

The women were awakened, and Jessie was given in their charge, and she, having gone through such unusual fatigue and excitement, was soon buried in profound slumber, while the long train moved on through the silent forest toward its destination.

As the night grew older a bank of black, angry-looking clouds loomed up in the West, and presently the low muttering of thunder came borne upon the freshening breeze.

"Old Jake," the man who had first discovered Jessie, and afterward persuaded the manager to take her along with the troupe, predicted a storm, and no light one, before morning.

Jake was one of the "characters" of the company, an odd but kind-hearted man, and was universally liked and respected by his associates. He always had a good story to tell to pass away a tedious hour, and a willing heart to assist any one who might be in distress.

"This 'ere have been a night of adventure," he said, "and I misses my guess if something more out of the usual don't happen before we gets to next station. You see three is alius a lucky or unlucky number, as the case may be; and when two things, out of the usual, or day either, is their sartin to be another to make up the third. Now there's that boy Henry, God bless him, and Old Nick take the villain Mu—but I won't mention no names—he comes first. Then there's the gal we picked up—she comes second; and mark what I says, there'll be somethin' else afore mornin'. What a row there'll be among the animals when this storm breaks. They don't like thunder and lightnin'."

The rain falling in huge drops put a stop to his joking.

The storm was coming with all its fury, and, ere long, the rain poured down in a perfect deluge! Lightning flashed and played around the caravan, making the party look like witches springing from the darkness of thatinky black night. The thunder was heavy and frightful to hear.

The animals, maddened by the sounds of the tempest outside, walked up and down the limits of their cages, howling and lashing their tails in rage at being thus confined.

The women huddled together, and at every glare of lightning, peal of thunder, or cry of the infuriated beasts, would cower down and tremble.

The men worked with all their power to get their poor horses along, but, even these animals had given way to fear.

And yet, through all this fearful din, the young gymnast lay dreaming sweet dreams of other days, while his watcher kept his vigil silently, well knowing that, should his patient wake and find himself absent from his post, it would sorely grieve him.

One of the women woke Jessie up and asked her how she could sleep in such a tempest, but the girl said she was used to storms, and that she loved to hear the thunder, for it lulled her to sleep, and many a night had she laid in a cave by the sea listening to its wild music.

They thought she was a strange child, and trembled again as the lightning illuminated the sky.

Fiercer and fiercer raged the storm. Faces and forms were undistinguishable, save when revealed by the lightning, and then only shown to be hidden again in the black pall of the night.

Still, through all, the caravan toiled slowly along. There was no time to halt, for there was a duty to perform, and they must persevere it or entail heavy loss upon the manager.

While the storm was at its very height, the train, leaving the open country over which it had been passing for some time, again entered the forest, at the foot a long hill, over which the road wound.

The wearied horses toiled painfully up the steep grade, and at length reached the level summit, where a halt was called to allow of a momentary rest before commencing the almost equally difficult descent upon the other side.

Upon either side of the road the tall forest trees lifted their heads, their long arms reaching far out over the road, in some places meeting and interlacing one with the other.

It was in such a place that the vans containing the animals were halted.

If the storm was violent in the valley below, it was found to be much more so upon the summit of the ridge, where the wind, having full sweep, roared and crashed amid the timber with fearful fury.

He examined the poor cripple thoroughly, however. His opinion was, that the suf-

ferer was seriously, but not dangerously, hurt. His left arm was broken, and he had suffered some contusions. The latter, the doctor said, amounted to nothing; the arm, to get well, would require about four weeks at the furthest. But the shock was what gave him the most concern.

He certainly had cause for the last remark. Even above the din of thunder, as peal after peal, with hardly an instant's intermission, rolled from out the blacked space above, the horrid yell and screeches of the animals, well nigh maddened with terror, could be heard.

"I don't like the looks of that tree yonder," said Jake, pointing to an enormous oak, whose leafless branches, seen by a lightning-flash, told of the decay that was sapping its strength.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before a blinding flash, instantly followed by a report like that of a heavy piece of ordnance discharged close by, told the watchers that the bolt had struck in their immediate vicinity.

"Great Heavens! See there!" shouted the watchful old man, pointing wildly toward the dead oak.

A quick, sharp snapping of seasoned wood was heard, a louder crash, and then they saw, by the fitful gleam of the lightning, the great tree rushing earthward, and, with a roar of mingled terror and delight, bounded away into the surrounding darkness.

The situation now became frightful, and the alarm spread rapidly along the line. The animal was known to be exceedingly fierce, and it might reasonably be expected that it would soon recover from its momentary fright and attack whatever might chance to attract its hungry gaze.

Besides this, the other animals, especially the large tiger and cage of lions, already maddened by the storm, had, on hearing the peculiar yell of the panther as she found herself free, become entirely uncontrollable, and were using every effort to force their way through the curtain.

Such fire-arms as were in the company were quickly produced, and the men distributed along the line of wagons to prevent an attack upon the horses until the broken van could be put in condition to be taken forward.

Old Jake and his "partner" were standing beside their van, the former holding a cocked pistol in his hand, talking over the singular event that had just transpired.

"You see how it is. I know that the third thing was bound to happen, and now—" Then abruptly pausing, as though struck by a sudden thought, he as suddenly exclaimed:

"Great Heavens! the boy! He is wounded, and bledin' yet, it may be, and that beast will scent him a mile off. Stay here, Ned; I must see to this!" and, without pausing further, the brave old fellow ran rapidly back to where the canvas-covered wagon that contained Henry had halted, directly beneath a wide-spreading tree, whose thick branches served in some manner to shelter it from the driving rain.

As he approached the spot, a broad glare of lightning momentarily lit up the scene, and, instinctively glancing up into the dense foliage overhead, he beheld a sight that almost petrified him with horror.

It was that brief moment while the lightning lasted, he saw the panther crouched upon a limb, directly above the canvas-covered wagon, and just in the act of making his spring!

Quick as thought, he leveled his pistol, and waited for the next flash so as to make certain of his aim.

A moment later it came, blinding sheet of lightning blazed above. It lit up the yard thereby; even the rain-drops as they splashed into the little puddles, which had already been formed, could be seen.

Lorin Gray glanced rapidly around. He was satisfied that there were no prowlers in the yard; so he returned at once and re-entered the house.

After seeing that Bessie had recovered from her alarm, he went out and secured the gate, which opened from the street into the alley, thus, from that quarter, shutting out danger of further intrusion.

It will be remembered, that after Black Phil had had his stormy words with Lorin Gray, he broke rudely through the ring of persons gathered around, and strode away.

"Nancy is right," he muttered. "Tis but a step by the house, her home. I want to see how that boy, confound him! is; and—yes—pretty Bessie! I want to see her!"

With these words he turned and hurried away.

Nancy stood where he had left her, her eyes fixed on the door through which he had gone.

"Ah, Phil!" she muttered, "you, too, are treading on dangerous ground! Look to yourself! I love that crippled boy, but I hate his sister!"

She paused, and then for a moment continued musingly:

"I know not why I love the boy, unless it be that he has never spoken unkindly to me, and has seemed to like me. I'll be true to him; but, Bessie! I'll sweep her from my path! And you, Phil, ay! look to yourself."

She turned to the work of clearing away the tea things.

Black Phil hurried along his way. At length he reached the town, and stood in the dark street by the bridge. As on the night before, so now he paused.

"Nancy is right," he muttered. "Tis but a step by the house, her home. I want to see how that boy, confound him! is; and—yes—pretty Bessie! I want to see her!"

Again, when the curtains had been drawn, the prowler drew near. He was madly jealous; a wicked fire was burning in his eyes.

When he reached his home, night had fallen, and a light was burning from the same window, as on the night previous.

Black Phil halted as he stood near the cabin; he bent his head in thought.

"It's a strange thing!" he muttered. "A very curious thing! The features I can not remember; twenty-two years make long gap when you look backward. But," and his voice trembled, and it sunk still lower, "that scar! It was never on but one person's arm."

He ceased his mutterings, as, at that instant, the door was opened, and the woman, Nancy Hurd, stood there.

She gazed at him searchingly.

"Why, Nancy, I didn't know you were at home yet," he said, as he drew near and sat down on the door-sill, heaving a deep sigh as he did so.

"You stood so long with Bessie Raynor, I suppose, that you forgot to come home for your supper?"

The woman spoke bitterly.

Black Phil slightly started.

with a written document, sealed with a hideous oath! Malcolm Arlington knows his advantage: he will not let it slip from him, for he fears neither man nor devil. And that paper—ah! I have it here. Let me see it once again!"

He arose, and drew near a side-burner. He turned the gas on, and a brilliant light streamed through the rose-colored globe. He drew from a breast-pocket a folded paper, and, spreading it open, glanced searching over it. Then in a low, deliberate voice, as if he weighed every word he went along, he read:

"This agreement, made and entered into this 20th day of August, 1859, between Malcolm Arlington of the first part, and Arthur Ames of the second, witnesseth: That, whereas, at a late hour of the night of date above, the said Arlington overheard incriminating words fall from the lips of the said Arthur Ames; and that, whereas, the said Arlington detected the said Ames in the act of robbing the safe in the bank of Boston, Arlington & Ames, all the contents of which safe, money, being the property of said Arlington; and whereas, in a moment of chagrin and desperation, the said Ames did feloniously and murderously attempt the life of the said Arlington, it is agreed:

"First, That in consideration of stipulations to follow, the said Arlington swears himself to a secrecy in the matter, and pledges himself to a lasting silence. That stipulation, to wit:

"That the said Ames pledges, without any reserve, and without any yeo or may on his part, his daughter Minerva, to the said Malcolm Arlington, to become his wife by the holy bonds of wedlock."

"In case of failure on either side, to fulfill his pledge, this agreement to be null and void.

"Signed [Signature] ARTHUR AMES."

Old Arthur Ames paused and glared down at the carpet for several moments after he had finished reading this document of such singular provisions.

"No! no!" he muttered, and his voice was harsh and bitter. "There is no escape, and the paper is cruelly binding. Shall I convert my—the property under my control into money and flee? No, no! I can not! I will not! I can not give up my treasure; and, ah! blissful thought, I can not give up Bessie Raynor. She shall be mine, by love or by force. I'll grind her down to poverty. I have the key; I know where the deeds are kept, and the directions for finding—"

He paused suddenly.

At that instant the door opened, and the tall, stately form of Minerva Ames entered.

She was a brilliant-looking girl, with her large, grand eyes, her noble brow, her haughty mouth. Her rich black hair was drawn away in massive coils from her forehead, and then it was allowed to fall unrestrainedly over her shoulders. She was richly clad, as if for some great reception.

But there was something proud and wondrous scornful in the whole face.

To-night, as she unceremoniously opened the door, and entered the drawing-room, she was superbly beautiful; but a frown was upon her brow.

Arthur Ames hastily lowered the light by which he was standing, and crumpled the bond in his bosom. Then he turned toward his daughter.

"Ah! is it you, Minerva?" and he glanced at her searchingly, by the mellow light glancing from the chandelier.

The girl did not answer. She walked majestically to a chair, and, without heading her father, seated herself. Then she spoke, and there was sarcasm in her tone:

"You are fond of being in the dark, father."

"My eyes are weak; they pain me in a bright light, my child," was the old man's reply. And there was a tremulousness in his words, a something which betokened that he dreaded this interview with his daughter. From her manner he knew that for some purpose she had sought him—that she had something to impart.

"Ah! a recent affection, father," and she sneered. "But let it go; the light is sufficient. I did not know you were in, until Mary told me, just now. Of late you come and go so like a shadow that we must needs set spies on you to find you out."

The old man started, and glanced hurriedly at his child.

"Spies! spies, Minerva?" he asked, seriously, "and on your father?"

This time the daughter started.

"I did but joke, father. But I am glad you are in. I want to see you."

"I've been in the house since four o'clock; long enough, truly, for you to find me. But what do you wish with me?"

Minerva Ames did not, at first, reply. She cast her head down, and seemed to ponder. But, as she lowered her eyes, she flung a bright, searching glance at her father.

After a moment she slid her hand into her bosom, and drew out a letter. Handing it to the old man, she pointed to the subscription, and said:

"I received this letter this afternoon. Do you know that handwriting, father? I ask, because if anybody should know it, you are the man!" and she held it before his eyes.

Old Arthur Ames glanced through his glasses at the written words.

A single glance was sufficient. He drew back. His face reddened, then paled, and he riveted his eyes almost threateningly upon the face of his daughter.

"Yes, Minerva," he said, "I should know Malcolm Arlington's handwriting, and—"

"'Tis well, father. Now we'll see if you can interpret the contents of this letter. Listen."

Going beneath the chandelier, she read:

"MISS MINERVA AMES:

"I am a man who never minces words, or evades a point he wishes to make. So, in this case, I'll not deviate from a life-long rule.

"Ist. I love you, Miss Minerva—love you more than I ever loved woman—even more than my mother, heaven bless her memory. I love you honestly—for your beauty, your accomplishments, for your status in society, and because I am compelled to make you a good wife. I have loved you now for four years, during which time my heart has never turned aside after another idol."

"2d. There is a bond existing between your father and myself, which makes it best for you, and for him, that you should hearken to me. That bond is of a peculiar nature. Perhaps Mr. Ames will enlighten you in regard to it. If so, he has my consent."

"I write this as a forerunner of a call from me. I will do myself the honor to visit you tomorrow evening when I hope it will be your pleasure to receive me."

"Respectfully and sincerely yours,

"MALCOLM ARLINGTON."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FATHER'S CONFESSION.

Old Ames sunk into a chair, bowing his head upon his breast. A smothered sob burst from his lips, then an anaphora,

Minerva looked searchingly, yet scornfully, at him.

"Now, father," she said, in a cool, deliberate tone, "explain this strange matter to me if you can."

But he did not raise his head.

"Can't you speak, father? Have you lost your senses along with your tongue?"

He drew from a breast-pocket a folded paper, and, spreading it open, glanced searching over it. Then in a low, deliberate voice, as if he weighed every word he went along, he read:

"Still there was no answer.

The girl became impatient.

"Does Malcolm Arlington tell the truth, father?"

"Yes, yes, my daughter," answered the other, hastily, as he half sprung to his feet.

"Do you mean to tell me, father?" and the girl's eyes flashed fire, while her bosom heaved with emotion, "that you, with all your various properties, with your high standing in the community, are under a pecuniary indebtedness of such magnitude to Malcolm Arlington, that, in security for it, you should pledge my hand to him?"

"Listen to me, Minerva," he said. "I have seen this terrible matter coming for a long time; but I had hoped to avert it. I have striven hard to keep it from you, my darling child. I am in Malcolm Arlington's power, am bound hand and foot to that man, and—"

"You in his power! You bound hand and foot to him! I can not credit my senses! I know that you are worth piles of gold!" In the safe, in your chamber, fifty thousand—"

"Sh! sh! Minerva! Don't speak so loud! You know that—"

"And are you dishonestly bound to him?" she fiercely interrupted him. "Have you cheated Malcolm Arlington, or stolen from him?"

"My voice was hoarse and commanding.

"Yes, no, that is—of course—not! Never! Do you think I am a thief, Minerva?"

"It matters not what I mean, and I know not what to think. I want to get at the truth in this matter. Tell it to me, I bid you!" and she stamped her foot authoritatively.

"I will tell you all, Minerva," he said. "You know that I am reputed rich. The world thinks so; but this house, with its elegant appointments, the property I own in Lawrence, the pile of gold in the safe up-stairs, are not mine!"

"Not yours, father? Then, whose are they? Did you steal them, or inherit them by fraud?"

Her voice was hoarse and commanding.

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### WILKIE COLLINS AND DICKEN'S COMBINED

in its pathos, beauty and power. There is, however, a double interest in the story, for, beneath all the foundling's eventful life, runs the current of a martyred heart which comes up here and there like lights at sea, to cast fitful gleams over the waters. It is the story of a wronged woman, brave and great in her misery, grand in her love and mighty in her sacrifice. It is

### A HEART AND SOUL ROMANCE

that none who commence to read will fail to read to the end; and which will make for its author a wide circle of admirers.

### Our Arm-Chair.

**A Protest.**—The habit of calling things by names meant to deceive is so common as to cease to excite remark. Nowadays, a grog-shop is called a sample-room; a barbershop is a studio, etc., etc.; but, we think, one of the silliest of our popular dodges to secure notice or customers, is the habit of giving French names to what we eat, drink and wear. Some of our up-town restaurants carry this matter so far as to print their bill of fare only in French! Half the dress goods and trimmings sold have French names. Our writers for the press are luging in French phrases to an extent that presupposes every reader to be familiar with the foreign tongue.

Now, all this is simply disgusting. We have a language of our own equal to every conceivable want of business, journalism, or society; and this effort to make it play "second fiddle" to the bastard Latin and mongrel Provencal, called French, is a philological crime, which, if unchecked, will demoralize our noble Anglo-Saxon speech. Over one thousand purely French words are now grafted in our dictionaries; another thousand French phrases are in common use; more than that number of French terms are used in business—thus showing that one-tenth of our common parlance is in this imported jargon.

We appreciate scholarship, as such, but we want no French-English corruption of our literature or speech; and we want no better evidence of a flunk, than to hear a man or woman interlarding conversation with French phrases.

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**A LITTLE BIT OF COMMON SENSE.**

MOTHERS who wish not only to discharge well their own duties in the domestic circle, but so to train up their daughters that, at a later day, they will make happy and comfortable firesides for their families, should watch well, and guard well, the notions which their children imbibe, and with which they grow up. There will be so many persons ready to fill their young heads with false and vain fancies, and there is always so much afloat in society opposed to duty and common sense, that, if mothers do not watch well, their daughters may contract ideas very fatal to their future happiness and usefulness, and hold them until

they grow into habits of thought or feeling. A wise mother will have her eyes open and be ready for every case. A few words of common, downright, respectable, practical sense, timely uttered by her, may be enough to counteract some foolish idea or belief, put into her daughter's head by others, while, if it be left unchecked, it may take such possession of the mind that it can not, at a later day, be corrected.

One very false impression abroad in this age is the notion that women, unless compelled to it by absolute poverty, are out of place when engaged in domestic affairs.

Now, mothers should take care lest their daughters get hold of this conviction as regards themselves; there is great danger of it.

It is the fashion of the day so to think. And the care that an affectionate family take to keep a girl, during the time of her education, free from all other occupations than those pertaining to her studies, also endangers it.

It is possible that affection may err in pushing this care too far; for, as education means a fitting for life, and as a woman's life is much connected with domestic or family affairs—or ought to be so—if the indulgent consideration of parents abstains from all demands upon the young pupil of the school not connected with her books, or with her play, will she not naturally infer that the matters with which she is never asked to concern herself, are, in fact, of no concern to her, and that any attention she may ever bestow upon them is not a matter of simple duty, but of grace, of concession, of stooping, on her part?

Let mothers avoid such a danger! If they would do so, they must bring up their daughters from the first with the idea that, in this world, it is required to give as well to receive, to minister as well to be ministered to; that every person is bound to be useful, practically, literally useful, in their own sphere; and that a woman's first duty is the home and its concerns and demands.

Once really imbued with this belief, and taught to see how much the comfort and happiness of woman herself, as well as of her family, depends on this part of her discharge of duty, a young girl will usually be anxious to learn all that her mother is disposed to teach, and will be proud and happy to aid in any domestic occupations assigned to her, which need never be made so heavy as to interfere with the peculiar duties of her age, or with its proper pleasures.

If a mother wishes to see her daughter become a good, happy and rational woman, never let her admit of contempt for domestic affairs on the part of her child, or even suffer them to be deemed of secondary importance.

They may be varied in character by station, but they can never be secondary to a woman.

The freaks of fortune are peculiar. The possession of wealth should not be an excuse that the daughter of the house need not know, or care, any thing about the household duties. The rich man of to-day is often the poor man of to-morrow. And, after the sudden descent from wealth to poverty, how pleasant the thought to the toiling father that his wife and daughter are competent and willing, with the work of their own hands, to make his humble house a home indeed.

### ESPECIALLY FOR GIRLS.

The acceptance by young women of courtesies from gentlemen which necessarily involve expense, is oftentimes the cause of serious trouble and embarrassment. The free-heartedness of young men, or perhaps of gratifying self-pride, leads them into offering entertainments and the like, which the financial state of their purses in no wise will warrant, and which oftentimes are professed with never the hope or expectation of acceptance. Occasionally I hear girls denouncing Mr. So-and-So, as being mean, stingy, etc., because, after taking them to the theater, opera, or concert, a supper at some fashionable restaurant was not also added; or, if becoming wearied with stroll in the park, a carriage at an expense of three or four dollars was not at once placed at the fair ones' disposal.

Now, all this is simply disgusting. We have a language of our own equal to every conceivable want of business, journalism, or society; and this effort to make it play "second fiddle" to the bastard Latin and mongrel Provencal, called French, is a philological crime, which, if unchecked, will demoralize our noble Anglo-Saxon speech. Over one thousand purely French words are now grafted in our dictionaries; another thousand French phrases are in common use; more than that number of French terms are used in business—thus showing that one-tenth of our common parlance is in this imported jargon.

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One bitter cold night, the wicked Joseph put chunks of ice into the bed of Fred. The latter made no outburst of anger, but, in angelic accents, said:

"Darling brother Joseph, you have taught me a good lesson. Here have I, night after night, been calmly sleeping in my comfortable bed, little thinking of the poor wretches who suffer from the cold. These chunks of ice have taught me a lesson, and I shall never forget it. It was a nice idea of yours."

But, wicked Joseph only answered, "Dry up!"

Fred stood in the porch the next day, where the sun could shine upon him, but the rays were not powerful enough for him to "dry up"; so he went to the presence of his bad brother, and told him how impossible it was for him to obey his commands.

This put Joseph into a passion, and, taking his little angel of a brother, he threw him into the street from a sixth-story window. But, instead of Fred being landed on

"The other side of Jordan,  
In the sweet fields of Eden,"

he went plumb into the arms of a burly negro. The son of Africa, thinking an angel from heaven had paid him a visit, was converted from his ways, and did nothing but read tracts to the day of his death.

Fred returned to the house, and again stood before his wicked brother.

"Joseph," said he, "it is the duty of all of us to accomplish every thing we undertake. You undertook to destroy my life; you did not accomplish it. Will you not try it again? The next time you may be more successful."

Joseph tore his hair, ground his teeth, and rushed about the house. Recovering from his savage fit, he shouted in the angelic boy's ear:

"You think yourself a saint, I suppose. Master Frederick, but you're not. I wouldn't be like you for any amount of spondulics. I'd a great deal rather smoke cigars than sing hymns. Why can't you throw away that doleful expression, and be a 'Racketty Jack'?"

"Oh, I can not!" answered Fred, and then he commenced to sing,

"A little word in kindness spoken."

Bad Joseph began on "Shoo Fly."

Fred wet his little pocket-handkerchief with his tears.

"Stop that howling!" cried Joseph;

"you're a juvenile humbug and a torment."

"Forgive me for being a humbug and a torment, won't you?" murmured Fred.

"Oh, you go to thunder!" was the ungracious reply.

Frederick said his little prayers, and put all his little playthings away, and marked the name of some loved friend upon each little one. He took a fond and farewell leave of all his friends; told them to be good, so that when they died, the good Mr. Sabine would not refuse to bury them. He put on his overcoat, his comforter and his cap, and stood on the outside of the house. There was rain, and lightning, and thunder all about. The angelic lad seemed not to fear. At last, a ball of fire came through the air, and then there was a heavy crash. His parents ran to the outside of the house in search of Fred, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had obeyed his brother's command to charge more than two per cent. a month.

His correspondents always, in directing their letters to him, put "Esq." to his name, especially if they desired to renew that little obligation.

I do not read that he ever started a clothing store. I don't think he did.

Now, it came to pass that a gentleman named Satan, (one loses nothing by being polite,) in roaming up and down the earth with an eye single to the interests of men, seeing that Job was an honest and upright man and didn't live in Washington City, argued that if he was deprived of his possessions and otherwise afflicted, he would turn to be about as wicked as any other man, and that he would take to drinking, and, finally, throw himself away by running for some office; so, the above-named gentleman to manage his affairs in the way he wanted to, and set to work right away at it.

The price of wool immediately went down, and his sheep were a total loss; the sheriff levied on his oxen and other animals, which were plowing in a field of Norway oats; his servants lost their lives by spontaneous combustion (a thing that, somehow or other, never occurs to servants at the present day); his camels, which he had purchased of Van Amburg, all got their backs up and went off with another show; his sons and daughters were assembled in a rickety house which had been built by contract, dancing and drinking wine, when the house fell down, leaving nothing standing except the chimney-hole, and leaving those sons and daughters well under roof; but all these things failed to make Job swear, as any man would have done nowadays.

Then he began to have boils—the worst things to make a man unconsciously swear in the world, and very straining on a man's religion. Those which he enjoyed were the patient-lever, duplex, no escapecement, assorted kind—the very worst kind, by the way, and you know the boils you have are always worse than anybody else's boils, so thought Job. He had two on the back of his neck, and whenever he forgot and moved his head, he was suddenly reminded never to attempt it again. He was the worst boiled and par-boiled man that ever was. He went out to the barn and tried to scrape them off with curvy-comb, but he found it was the worst scrape he was ever in, and was induced to give it up. He had whole corps of them, and he was frequently encored. He refused to take a seat at the table; but still he didn't swear, although he came very near it.

Patriot-right-men commenced to call upon him; ladies with subscription books came; his wife's mother took in her residence at his house, and yet he wouldn't swear!!

The buttons got scarce on his shirt; and holes got to be plenty in his stockings; and his country relations redoubled their comings and goings, and foreshortened their goings, yet he still refused to be profane!!!

His wife built up an account at the dry-goods store; bought her mother some presents; held evening receptions; made his coffee a little weak sometimes; knocked his glass off the table by accident one day; had the headache occasionally; wanted a new pair of shoes once; presented the milk-bill; touched one of his boils upon a time; had cold feet one night; wasn't able to get up one morning and make the fire; but, in spite of all this, he preserved that calmness which has made his name a synonym of patience and the exception of husbands!!

Baffled in his attempts upon the wonderful good nature of such a man, Satan gave up in despair, and he went off, shaking his head. But, I may very safely assert that he never had any such hard customer to deal with since.

Job's possessions were all returned, his sheep, etc., were doubled, and his children also.

His mother-in-law left, and he lived to enjoy her absence for many years.

Your historical

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

\* Mr. Whitehorn evidently has been suffering from some of Job's afflictions, that he should choose the good old patriarch for a subject. We hope no reader will deem the writer irreverent, for that we are sure he is not.

Is not pure, high-minded literature in

danger when nothing but "slang" will please the people? And are not the people in danger when they are pleased so much by it?

It would be well for us to think of this. Well for teachers, preachers, editors, writers, everybody and anybody, everywhere and anywhere, to think of the extent of the habit, to speak by word and example against it.

Then we might check the inrush tide of slang, and the evils which are carried along with its resistless waves, and be greatly elevated and improved. M. D. B.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Job.\*

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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## "BLONDE VS. BRUNETTE."

BY PHILIP M. ALLISON

Oh, misery! I am in love!  
Not in love as most fellows are;  
I hope for the good of mankind  
That cases like mine are quite rare.  
I'm in love with two beautiful girls,  
As pretty as ever were seen;  
For Maud is blonde, like blonde,  
And Ida a dashing brunette.  
  
Whenever I visit fair Maud,  
I sit by her side and declare  
That I'd give all I have in the world  
For a free of her bright golden hair.  
Next evening to Ida I go,  
And tell her the poets all sing  
Of a stately maid with glistening eyes,  
And hair like the raven's wing.  
  
In fact, it's a special case—  
Lilydale's McFadden's, in the play—  
How happy could I be with either!  
Were t'other dear charmer away?  
The lass will allow me but one.  
The other—poor thing—I must drop her.  
But which? I've a way to decide!  
I'll go out and toss up a copper.

## Strange Stories.

### THE FLOWER OF ZOMBAR. A HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

By the banks of the Danube, near to the town of Zombar, stood a comfortable farm-house, surrounded by smiling fields that shone, plainly, thrifit and culture.

At the time that we write of, the plains of Hungary were the scenes of many a desperate fight.

Count Tekeli, the Hungarian hero, had taken up arms against the Austrian oppressor. Desperate had been the attempt of the soldiers of the empire to crush Tekeli, but he kept the field, and bid defiance to the power of the tyrant.

Under the shelter of a stately oak, that flung its spreading branches to the breeze, close by the door of the farm-house, stood an old man and a young girl.

The man was called Matthias; he was the owner of the little farm. The girl was his niece, Yelva, and known throughout the country, far and near, as the "Flower of Zombar."

She was the fairest maid that e'er the sun shone on, in loving kindness, in all the fair Hungarian valley.

Hair of the tint of ripening wheat; eyes as blue as the sky and as pure as the waters of the spring bubbling from the mountain's side; complexion, clear red and white, the fleecy cloud and the dying ray of the sun combined; tall of stature, and supple in limb; the step of Diana; the grace of Venus.

Little wonder that the Hungarian youths knelt in homage to the Flower of Zombar.

"Yelva, I have news for you," said the old man, who had just returned from the village, whose spires could be seen in the distance.

"News—well?" questioned the girl, and there was an anxious look upon her face.

"Yes; dost thou remember the lad whom thy harshness drove to a soldier's life, Red Otho, as the village lads called him?"

"It was not my fault if I could not love him," said the girl, proudly.

"Tush, thou wilst never love any one!" cried the old man, impatiently. "The flatness of thy lovers has turned thy brain. But, to return to Otho. He has won a brave name for himself, and now commands a regiment in the Hungarian army. He is near at hand, and at nightfall will visit us."

"Why not before?"

"And run the risk of being surprised by some of the Austrian troopers who are quartered in yonder village? The bitter curse of an oppressed and downtrodden people rest upon them!" cried the old man, in anger.

"There is but little danger," Yelva said, absently, her thoughts apparently far away from the subject on which she spoke.

"You do not speak with judgment when you say that. Thrice have I seen one of the Austrian officers loitering near us; a well-looking fellow enough, although he wears the hated uniform of our foes."

The girl started slightly at the mention of the young officer, and cast a hasty glance, full of apprehension, into the face of the old man.

"Oh, do not fear!" continued Matthias, misunderstanding the meaning of the glance. "He will not be apt to trouble us, unless he catches a glimpse of thy pretty face. But, Otho, girl; will you see him to-night?"

"Why, or course, uncle!" Yelva replied quickly; "you know that I love him like a brother."

A brother! and he loves thee almost as much as he does his country, for whose sake he faces the bullets of the Austrians. Heaven grant, that when you do love, that your lover may not treat you with the same cold disdain that you have showered upon all who have knelt to you."

The words of the old man seemed like a presentiment of evil to the girl. They chilled the heart beating so high within her breast, as though it had been touched by death's cold fingers. With an effort, she rallied from the depression that had so suddenly come upon her spirits.

"I am going for a walk, uncle," she said suddenly; "I will be back before nightfall." Then, with a light step, she walked down along the river's bank.

Matthias watched her until the wood hid her from his view.

"Pray heaven, that her pride meets with no fall!" he muttered, as he entered the house.

The girl hastened on, over and anon casting an earnest glance behind her, to make sure that she was not followed. But, she had no cause for apprehension; the birds of the wood alone noted her eager footsteps.

In a little opening in the wood stood a young man. A handsome fellow, with his pure Saxon face. The long yellow hair hung down almost to his shoulders from under the swing fatigues cap; his eyes were dark-blue, handsome eyes, but with a restless, shifting look. The white uniform that the young man wore told that he was an officer in the Austrian service.

With a glad smile upon her face, the girl hastened, with outstretched arms, toward the young man.

The truth was plain; the Hungarian girl, Zombar's Flower, loved one of her country's foes!

A strange expression was upon the face of the young man as he coldly returned the warm embrace of Yelva.

The quick instincts of the woman warned her of coming evil.

"Leopold, what is the matter?"

"The matter?" questioned the young officer, his eyes looking more restless than ever.

"Yes; there is something the matter; I am sure of it. Your manner toward me tells me so," the girl said, sorrowfully.

"Yelva, you have guessed aright," the officer said, slowly. "I have deceived you."

"Deceived me!" Yelva exclaimed, a strange, stony look coming over her fair face.

"Yes; you know me only as Captain Leopold. My name is Leopold, but I am a colonel in the Austrian service, and I bear the title of Count of Lambberg."

"You a noble!" Yelva cried, in amazement.

"Yes."

"And do you no longer love me?" the girl asked, a terrible accent in her voice.

"Why, of course, Yelva; what put that thought into your head?" Leopold asked, in tones that were strangely confused.

"Your manner, if not your words. Leopold, do not try to deceive me; I am but a simple girl, but there is some subtle instinct in my nature which tells me that you are about to break the faith you swore to me. Speak out frankly; I can bear it. You see that I am calm."

And so she was, but, though her face was stone, fierce passions were surging wildly through her heart. Her calmness was but the prelude to the tempest.

Yelva, slowy. "Heaven is my witness that I love you as well now as I did at the moment when you first confessed your passion for me, and I folded you to my heart, my promised bride; but—" and he paused.

"But what?" asked Yelva, with eyes that flashed strangely, and a face as white as the driven snow.

"I am a ward of the emperor; he has absolute power over me. I am ordered to return to Vienna at once."

"Return to Vienna! Leave me!" the girl gasped.

"Yes; but that is not the worst news. In Vienna, by the emperor's orders, I am to be married."

"Married? Yelva's breath came thick and fast. She pressed her hand, convulsive, upon her heart. She felt as if the gates of death were about to enclose before her. Alarmed, Leopold supported her in his arms.

"You faint, dear Yelva!" he cried, even

"An Austrian regiment?" she murmured, her eyes looking more restless than ever.

"Yes, commanded by a young sprig of nobility, Leopold, Count of Lambberg."

Yelva started at the name.

"Otho, you once said you loved me," she exclaimed, suddenly.

"And do so still; better than my life!" he cried.

"What would you do to gain my love?"

"Any thing, possible or impossible!"

"Bring me the head of the Austrian colonel, the Count of Lambberg, and I am yours!" she said, with white lips.

"I'll do it, though a thousand Austrian soldiers hemmed him round!" cried Otho, in fierce determination.

"You see I am a true daughter of Hungary," she said, with a bitter accent.

"Yes; I honor you for it!" replied the soldier, in admiration.

"When will you accomplish the task?"

"Before the moon rises, and she comes up at ten, I will bring the proof of my love to you at the farm-house."

The two parted.

When darkness veiled the earth, and the stars shone clear in the inky sky, Yelva stood at the door of the farm-house and listened.

Hour succeeded hour; yet, like a statue, at the door she stood.

Then on the breezy wings of the night air came the sounds of strife. Shot succeeded shot in quick succession. The glare of burning buildings flamed on the night. A troop of horsemen, bearing weapons stained with blood, and shouting hoarse cries of victory, rode up from Zombar. The leader, Red Otho, dismounted from his horse, advanced to the girl, and from under his cloak produced a human head.

Stains of blood were on the face, and drops of gore matted together the yellow locks. The treacherous blue eyes, wide open, seemed to stare on all around.

It was the head of Leopold, Count of Lambberg, the false lover!

A single instant Yelva gazed upon the awful sight; then, without a sign, without a groan, she fell forward upon her face, dead!

A broken heart—an instant death.

The Flower of Zombar was claimed by a sterner bridegroom than even the gay Hungarian soldier.

**UNFRIENDED**, indeed, is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults.



IN LOVE WITH A PHOTOGRAPH.

In Love with a Photograph.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

I CERTAINLY did think, Gus, you had at least one grain of common sense left!"

Mrs. Jennie Clare gave a very vigorous push to her sewing-machine wheel as she glanced up a moment to dart her blue eyes full of reproach toward her lazy brother, who lay, full length, on her elegant green plush lounge, regardless of boot-soles and dainty idles.

"What have I not given up for you?"

Yelva asked, bitterly. "Am I not a Hungarian, a native of the land that your soldiers are treading with iron heel into the dust? I have loved you, forgetting that the blood of my murdered countrymen stains your sword; forgetting all in my wild dreams of passion. But go, false heart! Go wed the bride that Austria's Emperor gives to your hand!"

Forget the Hungarian girl in the smiles of the court lady; but, may my bitter curse cling to you, so that, in the battle hour, your arm may be powerless! May the iron-shod hoofs of the Hungarian steeds trample you to death; and in your last hour, think of the weak and foolish girl who perished at your bidding!

"What have I not given up for you?"

And Mr. Gustavus Calvin opened his eyes in mute astonishment—eyes that twinkled with fun, while Mrs. Clare had her own fixed on her tucking; that suddenly grew so solemn and innocent whenever she looked up.

This time, the plump little matron deliberately stopped her machine, and leaned her elbow on its table, and her chin on her hand, then looked steadily over at demure Gus, who was waiting patiently for the bursting of the storm he saw brewing.

"It's just this, Gus Calvin, you are a monstrous great fool, if you do happen to be my brother; and I am really ashamed of you!

Here you are, a young man of twenty-seven, supposed to be possessed of some discretion and common-sense; and to think—I say, to think you should deliberately go back on all the girls you know, and fall in love with a photograph, and swear you'll never marry any one until you find the original and see if she's single! Such a fool I never did see!"

And the irate little lady having come to a sudden, breathless fetch-up in her emphatic tirade, walked up to handsome Gus, who didn't seem to be at all terrified by her eloquence, and shook her jeweled fingers just between his eyes.

"But you said yourself it was the prettiest girl you ever had seen; come, now, Jennie, admit that!"

"Of course, I admit that; but, it was before you vowed to go seek her."

And then when Gus roared at her truly feminine display of weapons, she shook her head defiantly.

Otho assisted Yelva to rise.

"Otho, why do you come here?" she asked, faintly.

"Can I trust you? Do you love your country?" he asked.

"I am a true Hungarian girl," she replied.

"In Zombar is an Austrian regiment.

When darkness covers the earth, I shall lead my soldiers to the attack."

ming an aria from "Les Huguenots," while Mrs. Clare pretended she did not know it.

It certainly was as pretty a face and bust as one need want to see, so that Gus Calvin was quite excusable in falling head-over-heels in love with it. It was a rare face, with a slight shade of pensiveness, and the small, well-cut features; dark eyes, that smiled, while the lips were set firmly together; waving hair, that Gus knew must be golden brown and lustrous; a finely curved throat, and well-turned shoulders.

And Gustavus Calvin, the handsome young artist, whom all the girls of Lilydale were sighing for, had, as his indignant sister declared, thrown over the *bona fide* beauties, and signed his allegiance to a picture—or, rather, the original of it.

He had come across the vignette in a very matter-of-fact way, having found it on the seal of a railroad car, inclosed in an unsealed blank envelope, and bearing on its back, in a plain, pretty hand, the name "Josie."

To be sure, the name was rather mystifying. It might be the lovely original's own name—short for "Josephine" or "Josette"—and, Gus argued, quite moodily, it also might mean the pet name of some "Joseph" or other, for whom the picture was intended.

At any rate, it was his property for the present, and he and his wife had fallen in love with it.

So he kept it with him, wondering about it—thinking about it, till he got actually miserable; and then, one day, he saw in the *Herald*, a reward of five dollars for that photograph with "Josie" on the reversed side, that was lost on the Erie road. The address was given—"Room 16, Eglantine Hotel." So Gustavus Calvin, photograph in hand, called a carriage at the ferry to the Eglantine Hotel.

A pleasant room, that denoted the temporary presence of women, was No. 16, and Gustavus wondered, as the waiter ushered him in, if those tuberoses and pinks in the gloomy, tumble-down old structure, with its shattered sides and dilapidated roof, was called by the honest, half-superstitious country people around about. It was asserted and believed, by many, that the spirit of a man who had met a terrible death there a score of years before at the hands of an assassin, had been seen on several occasions near one end of the rickety old bridge; and belated travelers, passing that way at midnight, had been startled, so they told their gaping, axe-stricken neighbors gathered about them in a state of semi-terror, listening to the recital, by a strange noise like a low sigh, followed in a moment by a hoarse groan as of some person in mortal agony, which sent the blood surging back to their hearts and made them shudder with a sort of vague horror; and a moment later, a white, shadowy figure, bearing a ghastly resemblance to a human being, would fit across the road and disappear with another unearthly groan among the luxuriant growth of willows that skirted the river-banks.

All were acquainted with these wild tales, and the haunted bridge came at last to be shunned by the traveling public for forty miles around. So great was the popular terror of the old place and its spirit visitant, that a new crossing was made a little below, and the abandoned highway was traveled only when the spring and autumn rains rendered the river so swollen that the ford was impassable.

Clancy Reeves, the squire's eldest son, and myself had been inseparable companions from boyhood, always sharing each other's joys and sorrows, and I don't think that from

calmly, but I could see, through very pale lips:

"Come to me then and inform me of her answer. If it is 'no,' then I may see what fortune has in store for me; if it is 'yes,' then God forgive me, for I may do something that will curse me eternally! But, believe me, 'Land, I wish you all joy and success!'

I could not bring myself to acquiesce in this, so I said:

"No, Clancy, you must go to-day and offer yourself. Let her consider our proposals at the same time."

And he paled his love to Bessie that night, and she told him to come again on Saturday afternoon for her decision.

"Do you know?" he said, after he had told me, "that the murdered man's ghost has been seen several times of late over by the old bridge?"

I had not heard of it, and, besides, I did not half credit the ghostly stories, after all; for I had passed through the gloomy old bridge dozens of times, returning from Farmer Bryden's, without seeing any thing more terrible than the black, massive posts ranged along either side, or hearing any sound more unearthly than the rattling of the loose boards, and the sullen roar of the water underneath.

"What would you do, 'Laud," continued Clancy, "if you should encounter the apparition?"

"I can't imagine such a thing possible," I answered, after a moment, "I don't believe in apparitions."

"Neither do I," he said; "but if I was to meet the spirit that is said to haunt the old bridge, I would see what effect powder and lead would have on it. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I returned, laughingly, producing a small silver-mounted revolver that I always carried. "I've got a little toy here that's as formidable as half a dozen ghosts."

"I shouldn't want to be the ghost to face it," said Clancy, with a laugh, and we parted.

How many times since have I thought of those words so lightly spoken—thought of them with such maddening, half-guilty pain at my heart, as I pray God few other men may ever feel.

The long summer days slipped by rapidly enough, and it seemed but a little time before I was at Farmer Bryden's, pleading with Bessie to tell me my fate at once, and not keep me longer in suspense.

"Wait," she said, "Do not be too impatient. I have an idea—a very strange one you may call it—I must try you before I give myself irrevocably into your keeping. My husband must be a brave man. I have a proposition to make to you. You may accept or reject it, as you choose; but your chance of winning me will depend upon your decision. But, first, you must promise not to mention it, not to breathe it to your nearest friend, and, above all, not to Clancy Reeves. Will you promise?"

I assured her of my secrecy, and she went on:

"To-night you must get a sheet—I will furnish you one—and go to the haunted bridge; and then you must wrap it about you, and secret yourself in the willows, just where the spirit is said to vanish from sight. Just as the great clock in the steeple, down in the village, strikes twelve, you are to arise, still wrapped in the sheet, and walk across the road to the other side. You must be at the place by eleven o'clock, and conceal yourself effectually in the shrubbery, and under no circumstances are you to leave the place, or speak, until the clock admonishes you that it is time to do my bidding. Do you think you can do this? Am I worth the risk?"

I hesitated a moment; but only for a moment. One glance at her pretty face decided me to do as she wished.

"Yes, yes!" I said, "I would risk any thing for you."

"Very well," she said. "See that you keep your promise. I shall know whether or not you are faithful."

She went into another room, and returned in a moment with a small package, which she placed in my hands. It was the sheet. I went away a few minutes later.

That afternoon, as I rode down to the village, I met Clancy just returning from Farmer Bryden's. He merely nodded, bade me a pleasant "Good afternoon," and urged his horse into a gallop, passing out of sight in moment, around a bend in the road.

The day wore away slowly, and the evening dragged more heavily yet, and it seemed as if the time would never come for me to set out on my mission. Yet, it was a mission, a terrible mission. At last the hands of the tall clock in the corner of my room pointed at half-past ten; and I arose, and taking the sheet, which I tucked away under my coat, set out for the haunted bridge. Although the night was intensely dark, the distance was soon traversed, and before eleven o'clock I was secreted in the willows, with the sheet folded closely about my person, waiting, with a strange fear tugging at my heart, for twelve o'clock to come. I don't think I was afraid of the ghost that was said to frequent the place of my concealment. It must have been a foreboding of what took place there a little while afterward—a dire presentiment of the terrible event that has cast a black shadow over my whole life.

At last, slowly and solemnly, came the sounds from the old town clock, that told me the time had come for me to act. I shuddered involuntarily at the last deep-toned peal died away on the midnight air; but with a strong effort of my will, I forced back all my fears, and drawing my white mantle closer around me, arose silently, and strode out into the road. As I did so, I saw a sight that seemed to chill my very heart's blood.

A tall, white figure seemed to rise up out of the ground at the opposite side of the road. It advanced directly toward me two or three steps, and then paused and remained silent and motionless for a moment, its ghastly face set well forward, as if it was trying to look me through.

Skeptical as I had ever been on the subject of apparitions, a sort of vague terror seemed to thrill every fiber of my being. For a few seconds I stood gazing at the ghostly figure like one in a dream. Then my old feeling of disbelief in the supernatural came back to me, and I seemed to grow suddenly strong. In a moment my revolver was in my hand. I drew back the hammer, almost starting at the sharp click of the lock, and brought it to bear on the white figure before me. Just as my finger pressed the trigger, it threw up one of its long arms in a half supplicating manner, as if entreating mercy; but it was too late. There was a lurid flash, a loud report, a stifled groan, and the figure fell heavily at my very feet. I started forward, but was

arrested by a wild cry of horror; and tearing my head, I saw a dark form rush out of the shadow of the haunted bridge, and throw itself down in the road by the still, white figure, and tear frantically at the sheet that enveloped it. I stood like one paralyzed.

"My God!" cried a voice that was strangely familiar; but oh, so sad and mournful, "you have killed him! Oh, Clancy! Clancy! my poor, murdered love! come back to me!"

It was Bessie Bryden.

Then, for the first time, I knew that it was she who loved, and not me.

I comprehended it all in a moment. It was a double test, this terribly fatal one of Bessie Bryden's.

She had sent Clancy, also, to personate the spirit of the haunted bridge. I had mistaken him for the real apparition that was said to haunt the place, and—and—yes, I had murdered him!

Long years have come and gone since that terrible night's adventure. I have never married, but am living—because I could not die—in a weary, hopeless way, ever brooding over Bessie's fatal test and its awful consequences, and praying for the end to come.

Would you like to know what became of Bessie?

I saw her a year ago—in a mad-house!

### Overland Kit: OR, THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE,

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF  
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXV. AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS

The light of the torches flared up into the night. In the glare of the flames, the actors and spectators in the strange scene that was being enacted in the center of Spur City looked grotesque and unnatural.

The little crowd of lookers-on watched the faces of the jury eagerly, as though striving to read in their features the fate of the prisoner.

Talbot, with a quiet smile upon his face, seemed to be the most unconcerned of all the little gathering.

Judge Jones looked any thing but pleased with the way that affairs were tending. He felt that he was no match for the able New Yorker. So far, the evidence had tended to prove Dick's innocence rather than his guilt. The frown upon Jones' stern face deepened, and the angry glare that shot from his eyes, told plainly of bitter hatred.

Joe Rain was called to the stand. On his evidence the Judge depended. If it failed to impress the minds of the jury with the conviction of Talbot's guilt, the game was up, as far as the Judge was concerned.

Joe was sworn.

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?" the Judge asked.

"Yes," answered Joe, promptly.

"State how you became acquainted with him."

"Bout two months ago, I an' a pardner were a-prospectin' in a gulch 'bout twenty miles north of Kennedy's ranch. One night, a chap comes along an' makes my pardner and myself an offer to jine him in a leetle speculation. Seein' as how the prospect looked good, we agreed for to jine him an' did."

"That was the way you became acquainted with the prisoner, eh?" the Judge asked.

"Yes."

"What name did you know him by?"

"Overland Kit," replied Joe.

There was quite a little sensation among the crowd at this prompt reply, and even the jurymen looked earnestly at Talbot to note the effect of the speech upon him. But not a muscle of his face moved. Injun Dick had been in many a "tight place" in his life, and as he had always met danger with a bold front, it wasn't any thing astonishing that he didn't flinch now.

"You are sure that the prisoner at the bar is the man that you knew, who called himself Overland Kit?" the Judge asked, with measured accent.

"Overland Kit!" shouted the crowd, in wonder.

#### CHAPTER XXVI. THE TRAITOR TRIED.

ONWARD, at furious speed, went the horse, the rider sitting in the saddle as if he were part of the animal. The figure of the road-agent and his noted steed was known to all.

Rennet had proved pretty conclusively that Dick Talbot couldn't very well be Overland Kit, but the new-comer was a witness whose testimony could not be disputed.

Seeing was believing, and, as both Judge and spectators beheld Injun Dick in the prisoner's box, and, at the very same moment, saw the road-agent, Overland Kit, in person, dash up the street, riding with the speed of the wind, they came to the wise conclusion that Dick Talbot and the outlaw, Overland Kit, could not, by any possibility, be one and the same.

The majority of the crowd made a bold dash after the outlaw, and the revolver-shots rang out sharply on the still air of the night. But the rider seemed to bear a charmed life. With the speed almost of the iron horse, he flashed through the street and disappeared in the darkness beyond. The quick thud of his horse's hoofs alone could be heard, and they were soon lost amid the sound of the Reese, rippling up.

The sudden appearance of the horse and rider acted differently upon the prominent persons concerned in the trial. The face of the Judge grew white with anger, and he cast a furious glance at the witness, Joe Rain, who stared with open mouth and straining eyes upon the unexpected arrival. Talbot's face was as white as the face of the dead, and he bent down his head as if in thankfulness for his narrow escape; but, when the report of the pistols rang out sharply on the air and mingled with the rapid hoof-strokes of the flying steed, he trembled convulsively, like one stricken with an ague. Perhaps he thought how near he himself had been to death.

Injun gazed with a stony glare upon the horseman. Her teeth were clenched, and a strange, unnatural look was on her face; her breath came thick and hard; one hand she clasped to her heart, as if she wished to still its tumultuous beatings.

Old Rennet stood smiling with delight, and he rubbed his hands softly together.

"You are quite sure of it?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see Overland Kit dressed like the prisoner at the bar?"

"Well, no; I can't say I ever did," Joe answered, slowly.

"If I have been informed rightly, Overland Kit has black hair, worn quite long, and a heavy black beard. Is that true?"

"Yes, but the ha' an' beard were false."

"How do you know that?" asked Rennet, sharply.

"Why, I seed it."

"That is, you mean, you *guessed* it?"

"I reckon I'm sure of it!" exclaimed Joe, confidently.

"Overland Kit always wore a black mask over his face, I believe?" Rennet said.

"Yes."

"Did you ever see him when the mask wasn't over his face?"

"Well, no," Joe replied, slowly; he began to have an idea that the lawyer was leading him into a trap.

"Then you never seen Overland Kit without his mask, his black hair and beard?"

"No," Joe said, very slowly and reluctantly.

"That is, you mean to say, that you have never really seen the face of the man at all?"

"Why, no; I've seed it, in course—"

"But covered by a mask and a heavy beard?"

"Yes."

"And you positively swear that the prisoner at the bar is Overland Kit?"

"Yes, I do," Joe replied, savagely.

"You swear to the face that you never saw?"

"Well, I didn't recognize him by his face."

"What is that?"

"By his voice; I kin swar to that."

"You are really a most remarkable man."

The tone of the lawyer was sarcastic in the extreme. "How much are you going to get for this swearing?" Rennet asked, suddenly.

"Why, the reward, of course," answered Joe, quickly.

The Judge looked annoyed.

"Oh!" and Rennet looked astonished.

"You expect the reward, then, offered for the apprehension of Overland Kit? Possibly that is the reason why you are swearing so strongly that this man here is Overland Kit, eh?"

"I know he is!" exclaimed Joe, angrily.

"I'm satisfied," and Rennet sat down.

Joe left the stand.

"Have you any witnesses for the defense?" the Judge asked.

"Yes, I had one or two," Rennet answered, rising, "but I don't think that it will be necessary to examine them. I think that we have already proved the falsehood of the charge brought against the prisoner, by the very witnesses who were brought forward to convict him. I am willing to rest the case here. Will your honor sum up against the prisoner?"

"I think that it is unnecessary; you can proceed," Jones replied.

"Thank you," said Rennet, politely.

"Gentlemen of the jury, from the evidence presented, you can have but one opinion as to the innocence or guilt of the prisoner. I have clearly proven two *alibis*. As to the evidence of the last witness, the gentleman who declines to state the nature of the business in which he was interested, in conjunction with the road-agent, and who honestly confesses that he expects to get the reward offered for Overland Kit for his pains, why, I leave it to your own good sense to decide what it is worth. All I have to say about it is, that the man who can swear to another man whose face he has never seen, and identify him by his voice alone, is really a most astonishing instance of human penetration."

The lawyer paused for a moment to catch his breath, when, from behind one of the shanties that stood nearest to the crowd gathered around the scene of trial, came a horse and rider.

The glare of the torches, flaming on the night air, cast a weird light upon the steed and rider. A single glance the astonished crowd cast upon the stranger, and the truth burst upon them. The brown horse with the four "white stockings" and the broad blaze in the forehead was well known to the Judge. The man who rode it was the Injun Dick, the outlaw.

"The horse is the man that you knew, who called himself Overland Kit," Joe said, smiling.

"Overland Kit!" Joe exclaimed, mystified, and with a careful glance around him, as if he expected to see the road-agent dash out of some dark corner.

"You fear Overland Kit?"

"Yes, Talbot's friends will be after you."

"Oh, I ain't afraid of them so much."

"Who, then?" the Judge asked, in wonder.

"Overland Kit!" Joe exclaimed, mystified.

"That isn't safe to gamble on!" cried Joe, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Kit's got friends both hyer an' in Austen. He'll be after you."

"He's a regular bloodhound," Joe replied.

"Perhaps this Talbot is one of Kit's confeder

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

"Don't speak that way, please, Miss," Jimie exclaimed, tears glittering in her bright eyes. "When you speak like that you take all the courage out of me. I didn't come here to be spoken kindly to. I came to talk bitter, to hate, to fight you—just like the men fight—if you don't give up what belongs to me. But when you speak soft it takes my anger all away." Jimie's lips quivered convulsively, and she strove, but in vain, to keep back the big tear-drops that were forming in her keen eyes.

"I will be as frank with you as you are with me," Bernice said, after a moment's thought. "What have I striven to take that belongs to you?"

"The love of Dick Talbot," Jimie answered with broken accents.

"His love," murmured Bernice, and a burning blush swept over her pale cheeks.

"Yes, it belongs to me. Three years ago

I jumped into the Reese, when it was coming down, bank full, in the spring time, and pulled Dick out by the hair of the head, when the cakes of ice and the broken timber were crushing him down under the icy water. And after I got him to the bank, and brought him to sense again, he put his arm around my waist, kissed away the big drops of water that were running down my face, said that I had saved his life, and that that life belonged to me, and that I might have it whenever I wanted it. I never really wanted it till now, when I see that somebody else wants it. I don't go to him, but I come to you to ask you not to take away the life that is mine. You're a nice lady, with plenty of money East, and plenty of friends, too, I suppose. Now, I've only got one friend in all the wide world, and I come to ask you not to take that friend away from me."

"You love him?" Bernice said, sadly. "Yes," replied Jimie, quickly, "better than you do; better than anybody can in this world. He's all to me—father, brother."

"And husband?" questioned Bernice, as Jimie paused.

Jimie's brown face colored up, and a soft look came into her bright eyes.

"Yes, maybe, if you'll only go away and let him alone," she said, shyly. "I have never thought of that, though, only in my dreams. But I'd die for him. I came pretty near dying for him to-day," and Jimie paused abruptly.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 68.)

## The Last Cruise.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

I HAD been two years first mate of the Flying Foam, a trim-built clipper-barque, hailing from the port of New York, when her commander and owner, Captain William Golder, came aboard one day and informed me that he had persuaded his wife to accompany him on the voyage to China, we were about to undertake.

"I want you to see that the steward gets the ladies' saloon fixed all trim, and the after-beth on the starboard side put ship-shape. Mr. Carter, for Mrs. Golder's sister will sail with us, and as neither of the ladies have ever been out of sight of land before, we must make them as comfortable as possible," he added.

I promised compliance; and, when the day on which we were to sail arrived, and the ladies came on board to take possession of their respective apartments, they found every thing arranged to suit their taste, and lavished encomiums upon the steward and myself for the pains we had taken to minister to their future comfort.

Merrily the clicking capstan-paws chattered the songs of the sailors, as they uplifted the anchor from the bed of the bay; then the snowy sails were sheeted home, and our good ship swung slowly round, and started on her course.

The sky was cloudless, a light land-breeze rippled the sparkling surface of the sapphire sea and wafted from the shore balmy odors of flowers, as we sped through the Narrows.

Gradually the sandy waters of Coney and Fire Islands disappeared in our wake, the deep emerald of the tree-clad Jersey coast faded to dull, leaden gray, then to a thin caliginous streak, and when the great God of Day sunk to rest beneath the azure ocean in a glory of scarlet and gold, and the violet shadows of night made somber sea and sky, we were far away from beloved Columbia.

I had frequently experienced the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Golder, who was a nice-looking and most amiable lady, but, prior to the day on which the Flying Foam left New York, I had never beheld her sister, Miss Maud Murray, was several years the junior of the skipper's wife, and was one of the most bewitchingly-beautiful girls I ever beheld. She was tall and graceful, her figure being admirably proportioned; her forehead was high and intellectual, and her features faultlessly molded; in her dark-blue eyes lay hidden love-fires, on her cheeks was the rare rosy bloom of radiant health.

But, after all, it was not, perhaps, her supreme loveliness that endeared her so much to all with whom she came in contact, as the sweet gentleness of her nature, her intelligence, and the multifarious methods of winning her way to men's hearts that she seemingly unconsciously possessed.

Captain Golder was a fine, frank, generous, gentleman as well as an expert mariner, and he did not hesitate to treat his officers with courtesy and consideration, therefore I had full opportunity of enjoying the delightful society of his wife and her charming sister, whenever the duties of my office did not require my immediate attention, and oftentimes, when our vessel lay becalmed in the sultry tropics, Miss Murray would pace the deck with me and make pleasant night-watches which would otherwise have been dreary vigils.

Like most sailors, I was of a susceptible temperament; therefore it is not surprising that I soon became very much enamored of the fair girl who shod so many bright rays across the pathway of my life, which had been aforetime dull and desolate. But I was diffident; between Miss Murray and myself there was a wide gulf, the passage over which I dared not essay, for I feared that I might forfeit her friendship, if I boldly avowed the feelings of my heart. Maud was refined and highly educated, I was but a simple seaman; could I, then, with reason, hope to win her hand? This was a question that, during frequent self-communions, I was accustomed to ask, and common sense always replied in the negative.

The Flying Foam was a swift sailer and made a quick passage to the Cape of Good Hope, off which promontory, however, she was detained several days by adverse gales.

At length, one sunny morn, the welcome cry, "Land, ho! rung from aloft, and soon the palm-fringed shores of Java rose from the shining sea. While passing through the Straits of Sunda, the ladies had ample opportunity to admire the gorgeous magnificence of tropical scenery; for, on either side of the straits, bright verdure reaches to the water's edge and seems to form a band of green between the azure of the sea and sky. Off Anjer, several Malay "bum-boats" came alongside, and from the occupants of which we were enabled to procure plenty of the luscious fruits which always prove so acceptable after a long voyage. Every thing was so new and strange to Maud that she was in ecstasy with all she saw, and the beaming smile with which she rewarded me for a present of a gay-plumed parrotet made me feel prouder than a peacock, happier than a king.

Light, spice-laden zephyrs, wooing our sails, wafted us over the jazzy waters, beneath whose depths lay hidden coral caves, until we had in safety passed through the Jasper Straits, when the wind drew ahead, then died utterly away, and we were under the necessity of anchoring not far from the island of Lingga.

"Let the watches be kept as usual, Mr. Carter, and be sure to call me if there is the slightest change in the weather. Give the second mate these instructions when he receives you, and impress upon his mind the importance of not allowing any boats to approach the ship, for the natives of the islands in this vicinity are a lawless set of savages," said Captain Golder, just prior to retiring to his berth.

The night was clear and fine, not a cloud flecked the star-studded dome of heaven, not the faintest "cat's-paw" ruffled the scintillant surface of the phosphorescent sea, and, as I paced the deck, I raised immaterial castles in the air—in all of which Miss Murray figured—but which quickly evanesced when midnight chimed and fast, and mingled with those of my darling, upon whom breast she pillow'd her unhappy head.

With the aid of a sprit-sail and the gentle breeze that occasionally sprung up, I managed to navigate the little boat to Singapore, which haven we reached five days after the destruction of the Flying Foam.

From the kindly merchants at that port we received every attention, they vied with each other to minister comfort and consolation to the bereaved ladies. A passage to England, via the overland route, was procured for them, and ere the steamer by which they proceeded sailed, Maud Murray was my betrothed. I shipped aboard a vessel bound for New York, which port I reached in safety, and in which city I married my darling six months subsequently.

The flames had already burst from their prison in the hold, and were now leaping skyward, twining like flexuous serpents around the taper spars, lapping up with greedy tongues the penile sails and incandescing the pulseless surface of the sea. I mounted the rail and grasped the tackle that hung from the forward davit; my darling twined her little arms around my neck and we swing off in mid-air. As I slowly descended with my precious burden, feeling her warm breath upon my cheek, knowing the perils that still menaced her, I could not resist the temptation to imprint a kiss upon her coral lips.

"My darling, I have loved you long; my desire is to save you," I whispered.

She did not reply, but I felt her heart pulse quickly against my own, and she returned the kiss I had given her as we slid into the boat.

The ladies were laboring under the delusion that Captain Golder and all the crew, except myself, had escaped in another boat, and I had fostered the idea in order to temporally allay their apprehensions and not too suddenly shock their feeling with the dread intelligence that I had to impart. When, however, the sun arose in robes of glory from his couch, the sparkling sea, and flung slant javelin-shafts of splendor across the placid ocean, and the ladies could detect no signs of a boat far or near, the bitter truth dawned upon them. Neither spoke, but in the widow's face I read the question her lips refused to ask.

"They are at rest now; they die, as brave men should, in the defense of those they loved," I said solemnly.

A great sob burst from Mrs. Golder's breast and floated mournfully away upon the cool morning air. "God's will be done!" she murmured, in a tone of pious resignation, though her tears fell thick and fast, and mingled with those of my darling, upon whom breast she pillow'd her unhappy head.

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## Sporting Scenes.

### HUNTING THE MOOSE.

HUNTERS sometimes find out the beaten tracks of the Moose (generally leading to the water), and bend down a sapling and attach to it a strong hempen thong, hanging across the path, while the tree is confined by another cord and a sort of trigger. Should the animal's head pass through the dangling snare, he generally makes a struggle, which disengages the trigger; and the tree, springing upward, lifts the beast off its legs and strangles it. The palmated horns of the Moose are so ponderous, that sixty pounds is a very common weight. To bear this stupendous head-dress, nature has endowed the Moose with a short and strong neck, which takes from it much of that elegance and symmetry of proportion so generally predominant in deer.

It is, nevertheless, a very energetic and imposing animal. It is said neither to gallop nor leap—acquiefces rendered unnecessary from the disproportionate height of its legs, by which it is enabled, as it trots along, to stop with the greatest ease over a fallen tree, a gate, or a split fence. During its progress, it holds its nose up, so as to lay the horns horizontally back, which attitude exposes it to trip by treading on its fore-hoofs. Its speed is very great, and it will frequently lead an Indian over a tract of country exceeding three hundred miles before it is secured. This animal is said to possess, in an eminent degree, the qualities of the horse and the ox, combining the fleetness of the former with the strength of the latter.

None of the deer are more easily domesticated, the reindeer not even excepted. In Canada they have frequently been trained to draw sleds or carts, although, during the rutting season, they could not be so employed.

A gentleman near Houlton, Maine, some years since trained a pair to draw a sleigh, which they did with great steadiness and swiftness; subject, however, to the inconvenience, that, when they once took it into their heads to cool themselves in a neighboring river or lake, no efforts could prevent them.

The European species or variety, which ever it be, has also been converted to the uses of man. In former times, when it was found in Scandinavia in great abundance, it was used for the purpose of conveying couriers, and has been known to accomplish a distance of two hundred and thirty-four miles in a day, attached to a sleigh. Its speed is even greater than that of the reindeer, which can rarely exceed two hundred miles in a day, although a case is related where, in consequence of a sudden invasion of the Swedes, they were driven to Stockholm with the news. This was conveyed with such speed that the distance of eight hundred miles was accomplished in forty-eight hours, the animal falling dead at the expiration of the time. A Swedish writer recommends the employment of the Moose (or elk of Europe) in time of war, asserting that a single squadron, with its riders, could put to immediate flight a whole regiment of cavalry; or, employed as flying artillery, would, from the extraordinary rapidity of their movements, insure the victory. Indeed, at the time when attention was especially directed toward the domestication of this animal, their use was forbidden, under the heaviest penalties, on account of their having been employed, from their extraordinary speed, to effect the escape of criminals. The European elk, at one time numerous throughout Norway and Sweden, is now confined to particular districts; at the present time it is not found further north than 64° in Scandinavia.

"Lower away when I do, and be careful not to let the rope slip," I said.

She obeyed me implicitly, seeming instinctively to understand why I had not placed her in the boat with her sister. When the gig touched the water, I called my fair companion to me.

"Maud, you will not mind going in my arms down those ropes, will you? I fear you can not lower yourself safely," I said.

"I will go anywhere with you, Robert, for I trust you," she replied.

measured nearly nineteen hands, or more than six feet, in height. Another elk, not fully grown, weighed nearly one thousand pounds. The period of gestation is about nine months, the female producing from one to three young in May. The horns are shed about February.

The skin of this animal has been put to various uses. In Sweden a regiment was clothed with waistcoats made of this material, which was so thick as to resist a musket-ball. When made into breeches, a pair of them, among the peasants of former days, went as a legacy through several generations.

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## MY WIFE TO BE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

She must be smart enough to talk—  
Too smart to marry chatter—  
Yet still for sake of getting one,  
That might not really matter.  
  
I give that due attention,  
In light she must exactly be—  
I guess I will not mention.  
  
To show her temper's good or bad  
I shall expect a reference,  
And yet I do not really know  
If that need make a diff'rence.  
  
One color her fond eyes must be  
O'er me to hold dominion,  
Remember that such color is—  
Well, I've no fixed opinion.  
  
Her flowing locks to charm my eye,  
My kindest praise attracting,  
Must be the color of the—  
There, I will not be exacting!  
  
Her feet, well, they must not be large,  
Nor very little either,  
But I'm a tender-hearted man,  
I like them even better.  
  
And what she wears in hands or gold  
Is matter of great moment,  
Her fortune I'll expect to be—  
Well, I will make no comment.  
  
I'm quite particular, you see,  
In all of these suggestions,  
But then, whoever'll marry me,  
I take, and ask no questions.

A Brother's Blood:  
OR,  
LUKE DARRELL'S VENGEANCE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

The sun gilding the oriental horizon with one cloudless morn in August, 1780, a short time subsequent to the disastrous battle of Sander's Creek, beheld three men making their way across the country, in the direction of the American camp.

One wore the uniform of an American soldier; his companions were clad in the habiliments of partisan scouts.

They had fought bravely in the conflict above named; but when the murderer Tarleton swept down a resistless avalanche upon their flank, they found themselves prisoners, and were conveyed to the British camp. But, during the night preceding the morn upon which we have introduced them to the reader, they had effected their escape. The scouts had possessed themselves of a rifle and pistols, with which weapons they resolved to sell their lives at no cheap bargin.

But, quite unexpected by the trio, no pursuit was inaugurated, and without serious adventure they at last found themselves beyond the apprehension of danger from red-coats.

"We must be near the boys," remarked one of them, a splendid-looking fellow, who had left his hat in the Briton's camp. "We are not far from the old battle-field, and I'll warrant that Wilbur and his fellows are scouring the country hereabouts."

They had just emerged from a wood, and as the speaker finished, the soldier descried two columns of smoke upon a clearing far ahead.

"Well find some of the boys yonder," said the soldier, with a joyous smile. "Poor, brave fellows, tired of Tory-hunting, we will find them asleep beside some log."

"Let us hasten," said one of the scouts, quickening his steps, "for I am dying for a chance to fight the vultures that spared not our flank at Sander's Creek."

The quickened gait soon became a run, and presently the trio found themselves beside the fires.

"Just as I told you," suddenly ejaculated the patriot soldier, scanning the clearing. "The boys are asleep behind yonder log."

Silently the men glided toward the particular spot, intent upon a pleasant surprise to their partisan brethren.

"Yes, there's Wilbur," whispered the hatless man, pointing to a faultless head, pillow'd upon the palmetto log. "Brother believes me a prisoner in the red-coats' camp."

Nearer and nearer crept the trio, and still the brave patriots behind the log slumbered on.

At last the escaped prisoners stood over the silent forms and Luke Darrell looked down into his brother's face.

A shriek of terror separated his lips.

Wilbur was dead!

And beside him lay three companions, sleeping the soldier's last sleep—dreaming of battle-fields no more.

Luke Darrell suddenly became crazed. The sight of an only brother, younger by many years, "brother at once and son" murdered while he slept and dreamed of his approaching wedding "when the cruel war was over," by an unsuccessful rival, was enough to dethrone reason, and thrust the scepter into insanity's hands.

"Mark Dunkirk did this!" cried Luke Darrell, clutching his hands; "he and his Tories. He has followed Wilbur these many days, watching for an opportunity to take his life because he gained the love of Catherine Clifton. His revenge is accomplished; but he never thought of me. In me he finds an avenger more terrible than the avengers of blood spoken of in Holy Writ. I will hunt the demon down, and his end shall pale the cheeks of all who hear of it. Boys, I leave you now."

He scarce knowing what he was doing, stepped over the log, when the soldier grasped his shoulder, and pointed to the south.

"Not now, Luke; not now," he said, calmly, but with perceptible feeling. "There's a mother to comfort, there's a brother to be buried, and there's aid to be obtained in the American camp. Patience, your day of vengeance will surely come."

"Yes," murmured Luke Darrell, in a soft tone, as he stooped and kissed Wilbur's pallid brow, "it will surely come. But Catherine, Gods! it may kill her. In me she shall find a comforter, for I love her as Wilbur did; but I stood back when I saw that she loved him better than me."

The patriots set to work and, after a short time, four graves appeared beside the log, and over the mound, beneath which slumbered the brother for whom he would have given his life, Luke Darrell took an oath of vengeance, so terrible that the color fled his companions' cheeks.

Then, with heavy hearts, they turned their faces southward, and, in due time, reached their destination.

After comforting his aged mother and Wilbur's beautiful betrothed, Luke Darrell gathered around him a band of partisan spirits to hunt his brother's murderers down.

Destructive were the eagle-like swoops he made upon Tory camps; but Mark Dunkirk eluded his grasp.

One dark and tempestuous night a ghostly-looking band rode into a lonely valley, watered by the picturesque and historical Santee.

They were in double file, armed to the teeth, and before the foremost towered the hated form of Mark Dunkirk. Yes, the midnight riders were a portion of the marauding band known, far and wide, as the "Black Vultures of the Santee."

Their objective point that night of storm was a little house where dwelt two helpless women, one of whom Mark Dunkirk had sworn to make his wife, at the point of the sabre, if she would not succumb by mild means.

And that woman was Catherine Clifton. At length the Tory found himself at the building which emitted no sound, and silently, like the coil of the anaconda, he threw his men around it.

When every thing was in readiness he stepped to the door, and rapped heavily with the butt of his pistol.

An instant later the portal flew open without the click of locks or bolts to herald the action, and the Tory found himself dragged into the house by a strong arm!

The door was immediately slammed shut, and simultaneously with the latter action, a volley from the windows and roof of the house scattered death among the Black Vultures. They turned; but a volley from the new direction greeted them, and finding themselves surrounded, they drew their sabers and fought like men. But the odds against them were too great; and but nine escaped to tell the story of defeat.

Mark Dunkirk found himself the prisoner of Luke Darrell!

A partisan spy, who had joined the Vultures for the purpose of keeping the Avengers posted regarding their proposed movements, had heralded the intended night surprise, and Luke had worked accordingly.

The Tory leader and murderer, a coward to the depths of his heart, threw himself before Luke Darrell's feet, and craved the mercy he had no right to expect.

"Blood for blood!" was the stern, unyielding reply. "Mark Dunkirk, you are doomed!"

His heart sunk to immeasurable depths in his breast, and he tried in vain to meet the gaze of the shadowy monster with calmness.

"All the rivers, an' cricks, an' branches

overflowed outer their banks, an' the whole face uv the earth in that section

war kiverd wif water. Yer know, boyees,

how it war in them Mimbres mountins when it do rain, an' as all the streams mostly

raise up ther, yer kin bet they war whop-

pin' high about the cend uv their first week

uv ther rain."

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